indifferent to the sweep of the sea from which it is allowed to remain cut off by low trees or to the piled mountain masses from which the coconuts screen it. At intervals two or three may cluster near a church or school, but not in sufficient numbers to constitute much community life.. If you leave the road, which no self-respecting tourist ever does, you may hit upon one or two poor collections of fisher huts, but these are mere stranded Tahitians awaiting the inevitable end. They are not enough to count.

But take that turning to the peninsula (if you do not pass on round the island from our Fairy-land of the last chapter), and you will run under the lee of high mountains with the heights of the main island glimpsing across the water through the trees, run by villas still, with villaish gardens too, but with just a suggestion of something not quite Western. And in the end the road

reaches high volcanic cliffs hung with fern, skirts them precariously, and fetches up at a river to which there is no bridge. There, you are. Perforce the lorries must stop. You must hire a cart of sorts to get on with your luggage, or take off your trousers if you